

Forced to Find Each Other

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Forced to Find Each Other

by [VenuSdebillio](#)

Summary

There was no fucking way, he would spend his rut in some hospital room strapped to the bed and full of sedatives. Chemical imbalance during rut was met with quite a disdain in modern society. The condition commonly referred to as 'feral rut' was accompanied, in most cases, with extreme aggression, regressing to the most basic urges and behaviors, no recollection of time spend in the rut, loss of speech and many more. Which Hannibal can assess are all part of his experience.

Here comes the most hated trope on the internet, one sassy Will Graham and Hannibal 'actions have consequences' Lecter

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

Feral rut

Hannibal was slowly making his way through the forest. His body was aching and even though the forest was still damp from the previous days of raining, he could feel his skin boiling. There was no other way. Even if his house was already in a particularly reclusive gated community, he needed to get as far from it as his state would allow. He bought this land where the forest was the densest for this specific reason. Because there was no fucking way, he would spend his rut in some hospital room strapped to the bed and full of sedatives. Chemical imbalance during rut was met with quite a disdain in modern society. The condition commonly referred to as 'feral rut' was accompanied, in most cases, with extreme aggression, regressing to the most basic urges and behaviors, no recollection of time spent in the rut, loss of speech and many more. Which Hannibal can assess are all part of his experience.

Hannibal does not look down on his condition. He finds it quite fitting to the man of his calibre. It is known that alphas that go through feral rut can display unhuman physical capabilities, the condition itself probably developed in primitive societies to ensure quicker fights for dominance in mating seasons.

Failure to report this condition is also illegal. As feral alphas pose great risks to their surroundings. Therefore, Hannibal's surroundings need to be as risk free as possible. It is also the most troublesome that Hannibal cannot usually remember anything from his rut. There are times that he can grasp snippets of sounds and smells. But usually, he remembers walking in the middle of the forest, suffocating by the heat coiling inside his body, his already sensitive senses scratching deep trenches through his brain and then nothing. He wakes up usually laying on the forest floor, scratched and beaten up, painted in several shades of red. And like that almost a week of his life is gone.

It is said that mating usually lessens the effects of feral ruts, most suffering alphas report being lucid most of the time when they are with their mated omega. Keeping omega would be boresome, but losing control for so much time is almost less bearable, Hannibal thought. But his thoughts are getting heavier, he can hear the sounds around him rushing to him and there is that scent. Heavy and creamy, calling to him. Hannibal moves. But his mind is already too clouded to know why.

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The sun is almost setting when Will hears rustling of the leaves. He is not that far off from his usual route, he thinks, but the forest seems unfamiliar there and for a couple of minutes he can hear... approaching steps? He did not bring his dogs with him so, there is no one to alert him of coming danger or if his mind is playing tricks on him again. He starts to look around to ground himself. Counting down in his mind, focusing on the oak tree before him. But again, he hears it. He whips his head to the source of the sound, still he

can't see anything. The wind shifts slightly, and a strong tangy smell hits his nose. He shivers, something screams in him to get the hell out of there. He spins around and he is met with a figure. Shaded by the trees and still quite far but approaching rapidly. Will cannot decide if running would be overkill. Yeah, it is clearly human shaped, the smell cannot be coming from them, right? The figure moves strangely, It is hunched, taking long strides in Will's direction, and well, Will is not obligated to interact with a stranger in the forest.

He is yet again assaulted by the smell, now encompassing him. It's the smell all omegas know in their bones. Will is backing up trying to clearly see the figure. He knows it is an alpha but with that smell...Will does not think it is natural to be that strong. He can see the man's face now. The strong lines and sharp edges. He is wearing a suit, sharp contrast to his now clearly wild demeanor. But Will does not analyze it further because when their eyes meet, Will runs. It is the stupidest decision that he ever came up with but seeing those crimson eyes, he panicked. And in retrospect, Will knows that running from rutting alpha will lead to one thing only.

Will's lungs are on fire. He has almost fallen down several times, but the now never ceasing growling behind his back keeps him going. The alpha does not falter for a second even if Will is an exceptional runner. The alpha is closing the gap between them. There is also nowhere to run. Will is as far from civilization and help as one can be and yeah, the misery of this situation starts to get to him. He yells, despite the feeling that he is all alone. And he cries for help but only a silence answers him. It did not register for a few moments, but then he stops, his head spinning from the lack of oxygen. He looks around. He cannot see or hear the alpha. Did he hallucinate it, really?

He circles the trees around him, moving in the direction of his home. When suddenly there is weight on him. His knees give out as he is tackled from behind. He falls into leaves and at once he is aware of growling, more like snarling dangerously close to his neck. He trashes around but the body above him is pressing him down into the cold ground. Will whines, trying to move his head to see, but there is a hand on his neck squeezing massaging the skin roughly. Will immediately know what his attacker is trying to do, and he jerks violently, opening his mouth to bite. The growling never stopped but now he can see long pointy fangs beside his head, spit leaking from the angry snarl. And where was just a second hand, trying to grip his mating gland are now fangs piercing the delicate flesh. His body goes limp instantly, the nerve endings on his nape catching on fire as Will screams in agony. Unable to move, Will was left to only feel what was happening to him.

The weight lifts partially, the alpha keener on scenting will now. The clawed hands roam his body, piercing his skin and leaving Will to smell his own blood in the air. The alpha above sniffing audibly goes back to Will's nape to lick the blood there. Will shivers, his body heating up from the bite and pheromones in the air. Will feels angry tears run down his cheek as the alpha shifts his focus on his lower half, exposing his skin to cold air. The alpha drags him and pulls him up until his ass is in midair. He whined as he felt the hot breath on his lower back and fingers travelling his thighs. There was a tongue on his exposed hole, but he could not concentrate as red-hot heat rushed through his veins and smoke was filling up his mind.

Fuck, how could this happen, was floating in his mind. He could move his fingers now, digging them deeper into the damp ground. He groaned loudly as tongue entered his hole, he

felt himself get slicker and he knew he did not want that, but he could not place why. There were sounds clamoring at his ears. Rumbling travelling through his skin, his breath short and pained. But he did not feel pain. He whined confused when sweaty skin wrapped around his back. And hot white pain pierced his core.

Cold gaze

Chapter Summary

Let's get this party started

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Hannibal came to himself lying on the forest floor. Sweaty and mostly naked to his demise. He lifted his right hand to check the time. A few minutes before the sun rises, five days are gone. He moaned, pained when he stood. He was not injured apart from a few scratches which was a good sign. Must have been a smooth rut. He tracked his way back to the mansion mentally calculating his state when he noticed an unfamiliar scent on him. He lifted his bloodied fingertips. The blood that was not his own, and neither an animal. Well, a smooth rut could mean that he killed someone. Hopefully, he ate him, too. Nonetheless he will check his usual sources for a few days if they did not find a dead hitchhiker nearby. Hopefully he ate him. He felt particularly hungry that day.

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It took almost a month before Hannibal finally had time to go around the property. Checking for himself. No news of gruesomely killed forest travelers was a good sign but also worrying. Therefore, it was best to be sure he will be the only one exposed to a rotting corpse. Rotting once were always the most troublesome.

It was almost at the edge of his property when he noticed a particular scent, oddly familiar, yet Hannibal was unable to place it. It did not take long before he discovered the owner, a young man crouching on the ground, picking up branches. Now closer to the person Hannibal could decipher that the scent was of omega, still familiar but with added quality.

-“Good afternoon, sir”, Hannibal approached.

The man's head whipped around, looking at Hannibal with eyes filled with recollection, the man unabashedly scented the air, nostrils flaring. An instantaneous reaction that stunned Hannibal. The young omega crouched even lower and hissed exposing delicate, but needle-like fangs in snarl, so unheard of in polite society, that Hannibal took a step back. His own alpha at once responding with his own snarl, Hannibal could not hold himself. The omega snarled, standing up abruptly.

-“Get the hell away from me! “The omega growled, slowly retreating. Hannibal collected himself at once, there was not a feral omega before him, just a highly, unusually aggressive one.

-“Well, you are the one on my property ,so I should be the one asking you to leave.”

Responded Hannibal calmly. The omega retreated further looking around presumably for exit routes. The omega knew Hannibal thought. And he knew to stay away from him. Which should not be possible.

-“What are you even doing in this part of the woods, no hiking trails are going even remotely around here.”

Striding purposely closer to the omega. The omega’s eyes went wide, he did not stop hissing but the sound took frightened edge. He was backing away, never leaving Hannibal out of his sight like Hannibal was the wild animal.

-“I am leaving, okay? I know these woods, I did not know they were privately owned. Just don’t come closer.”

Hannibal, now intrigued and also worried, kept advancing. He was approaching the omega much quicker, the scent around them filled with frightened pheromones. His delicate nose could now pick apart the layers of the scent. What he found out made him stop abruptly. There was his scent intertwined with the omega’s. The basest scent of mating, which did not go away for several months and also something else. He mated this omega. When? He studied the folded frame before him. The young man’s stance was defensive, primal almost, all clawed hands and bared fangs protecting his middle. He was hissing, spit was running down his delicate chin, seeing Hannibal still approaching but unwilling to turn around.

-“Are you fucking deaf? I said don’t come any closer, fucker!”

Hannibal slowed down trying to decipher the situation. He smiled warmly, making his presence as non-threatening as possible. It was certain that he must capture the omega, he knew something

about Hannibal that made him almost feral with fear, he must find out. But he would like to evade those claws. A different approach would be preferable.

-“ My apologies, I don’t bear any recollection of us meeting ,my name is Dr. Hannibal Lecter, I am a psychiatrist, my home is about three miles from here the opposite way. I am sure that this hostility is necessary.

The omega huffed, twitchingly nosing the air. Some kind of understanding was clearing in his mind. Hannibal was getting frustrated.

-“So, you don’t remember us meeting?” The omega barked.

-“Not any time recently, I presume. Were you perhaps, my patient? I was doing rounds as a surgeon in a state hospital.”

Hannibal looked over at the man. He was young, could be barely of legal age, maybe younger, 19 or 20 he guessed, all smooth skin and flock of light brown curls. His eyes, still enlarged, were blue encompassed in gold, an indicator of omega experiencing high emotions. He was lean, maybe even malnourished, Hannibal should not have trouble subdue him.

-“A doctor? That is rich, you should be in jail for this.” He barked, now really trying to create distance between them.

-“ I am sorry, I don’t know what you are talking about.”

-“You attacked me! In these woods, motherfucker, you must have been in a rut or something. I thought I hallucinated it all, but then...” The omega stopped, looking up frightened.

-“Well, I am glad you’re rich, so you are fucking untouchable, now get away from me.”

The boy yelled threateningly, turned around and ran. Hannibal did not hesitate to follow him. He must have tackled the omega while he was in the throes of his rut. He would get in serious trouble if the omega decided to go around telling the story with his name in it.

The omega was surprisingly quick, clearly knowing these woods but Hannibal was a thoroughbred alpha, and the omega seems exhausted. It did not take long before he managed to grab the man by his neck. There were hands, scratching at him at once, but the boy was frailer than he looked, Hannibal pushed him down until he heard him scream in pain. The easiest route would be to kill him, but it would be beneficial to know who he was killing to erase any evidence. He started grabbing at omega's clothes looking for ID or phone, fully ignoring the cries under him.

-“No please no, I will not tell anyone please, not again.” The omega pleaded. He thrashed violently, making Hannibal nick him with one of his elongated claws. The scent of blood hit him at once and he paused. The scent bloomed around him. He could smell himself as well as the omega's heat and their mating. But there was a hint of something else brewing underneath. It came rushing to him with a low possessive growl that must have been his inner alpha. The omega was pregnant.

-“You are with a child, How long?” He uttered flatly even if his mind swirled.

The omega stills underneath him. The silence lengthens between them, then the boy restarts his struggle. Hannibal brings him closer, breathes in the blooming aroma. He cannot be far gone, the smell barely coming through. It must be his. His rut, his most fertile season and with such a young omega.

-“Please, I did not know it happened, I have problems with sleepwalking, I found out last week, I would get rid of it.”

Hannibal growled. Irritated more by himself. How could he be so reckless? This whole time he did not suspect that he would be able to impregnate someone in his feral state. Fuck. He released the omega.

The young man scrambled to get up and look at Hannibal now kneeling before him.

-“Please don't hurt me, I will not tell anyone. Fuck, I...” he did not finish in favor of running again. Hannibal captured him not far away, the omega seemingly now struggling with even standing, surely the adrenaline of the situation making him dizzy.

-“What is your name, omega.” The boy looks at him.

-“Eh, I.. Will Graham.”

-“What were you doing in the forest, Will?”

-“Just collecting some fire wood, I live outside of the forest. I did not know; they did not tell me.”

The boy was panicking. They were standing closely. Hannibal did not tower much over Will, but Will's frame was shaking. Something inside Hannibal was turning and pacing not approving of the situation. This omega was carrying, supposedly, Hannibal's child. This did not look good.

-“Take me there.”

-“What? No fucking way. I am doing you a favor by letting this go.” The omega met his eyes for the first time. So close he could at once pick on changes in the scent, irritation and stubbornness. So odd for omega in presence of alpha.

Hannibal grabs him by the neck. Will yelped, soft motherfucker was uttered.

-“Take me there or I will drag you. I have a good sense of smell.” Hannibal purred coldly.

Will shivered under his touch but slowly moved. Hannibal left his hand on the omega's neck in silent warning as they travelled out of the woods. There was a small clearing with only dirt roads running down the middle. Further way was a rundown cottage. Not all parts were on his property, but he did not even know something stood here. He will have to call his realtor. Upon closer inspection, he determined this was an abandoned house from presumably last century. A small space covered in overgrown bushes, the porch filled with weeds, all boards crooked and sticking out. The omega must move here illegally and by the state of the place recently. He hesitated outside of the door looking around, but Hannibal pressed his neck and omega unlocked the door and went inside.

The place was as run down as Hannibal expected. A few wet spots on walls where water leaked through the roof, boarded up windows, except the one looking out to the porch. There seems to not be functional electricity. Hannibal noted only a few things of possession, clothes and tools for repairing and also 5 dogs that rushed to greet them as soon as they entered. Hannibal looked around, his sight returning several times to the omega, now visibly calmer but tense, staring at the floor but flashing him angry glances.

-“This place. Is not suitable for living.”

-“None of your business.”

-“You live here illegally, by the state of things not too long, how did you find it?”

-“My friend...my acquaintance showed me, he said I could stay here, and nobody would bother me. This should be public woods and...”

-“You are omega, underage, why are you not living with your parents?” Hannibal interrupted. Omega glared at him.

-“I am not underage, I am 21.”

-“I don't believe you.”

Will huffed.

-“Why should that matter?”

Hannibal smiled.

-“It matters because if you were 21, you would not be squatting in this rotting hole. Omega's right to shelter is law in every state. There is no reason why you should not make use of the system.

Hannibal paused, savoring the panicky expression on the omega's face.

-“But if you were underage. 19, I presume. You would be in your guardian's care. The bonding for omegas is so essential in the eyes of the state, there are only a few exceptions letting omega abandon their support network. Many times, only death.”

Hannibal looked at Will pointedly and continued.

-“By the looks of it, you run away from home. By only brief observation I'd suspect an untreated mental illness caused by trauma. You mentioned hallucinations and sleepwalking. So, probably abuse or severe neglect.”

Will was openly glaring at him now. But staying silent.

-“You ran away from home in hopes of escaping and waiting out the guardianship or finding one of the exceptions.”

Hannibal knew that what he was about to say was far-fetched. But he quite liked the omega's wide range of responses so far and he was always someone to play with his food.

-“The easiest route, successful mating with an alpha. Being pregnant means that now you are my problem.”

Will's whole face contorted. A flush was creeping up his cheeks. There was anger brewing

underneath. Hannibal could only watch as the omega shot at him, pushing him hard to the ground. Will's fangs were exposed as well as his claws.

-“That is not how it was. You attacked me you fucker! I...I should call police on you for raping me!” He snarled, snapping at Hannibal. His inner alpha sneered at the display, wanting to put the omega in his place, but Hannibal could not help himself. He smirked now.

-“But you will not, right? Because you don't want to be found out.”

Will paced the room, frustration dripping from him.

-“I don't want anything from you. I said I want to get rid of it.”

-, „But I don't want you to get rid of it. “

It clicked for Hannibal. He wanted a child. For some inexplicable reason, he found a deep satisfaction in that. And he was not one to deny himself any pleasure. And as he looked at this scrawny omega something in him moved. I could easily just be his inner alpha, even if he only knew this part of him affecting him closely around his rut. This whole situation was an undiscovered territory for him. Losing control, it burned him.

-“What?” Will looked at him exasperated.

-“I want you to have my child.”

-“Hell no. I am not raising a child. And definitely not of some psychotic creep!”

Hannibal circled Will, examining him and then the place around them.

-“I don't think you have much choice. You are on the run, with no means. No money for safe abortion or even connections to find somebody to do that for you.”

He watched Will as his brows furrowed, and his face flexed in pained expression.

-“I, on the other hand, can protect you. Get you on plan for proper prenatal care. Protect you from your parents. Raise that child.”

-“Fuck no, you are out of your mind.” Will gritted.

-“You would live in my house. I will take care of you during the pregnancy and pay you to have the child.”

-“Huh? I am not going to live with you.” Will barked.

-“He cannot live here Will. It is not safe for a child to be in here.”

Will looked up at him, pacing in frustrated small circles and as if subconsciously, he pressed a hand to his flat stomach.

-“I am not having child, fuck. I know a guy. It is...”

-“You will probably bleed out to death from illegal abortion, if not you will definitely damage your internal organs, Will.” Hannibal got closer, looming over the omega. His voice deepened.

-“You will go live with me. I will take care of everything and once the child is born, I will pay you enough to survive until you reach adulthood. You don't have much of a choice.”

Hannibal pressed.

Even if Will refused, he could still take him and keep him in the house locked. It does not seem to be realistic for anyone to look for this omega. Then, he can kill him. He will definitely kill him.

Will signed defeated.

-“Fine. I will do it.” He looked around seemingly confused.

-“I... I will need to pack my things, and my dogs, they must go with me.” The challenge was back in Will's eyes.

Hannibal looked at the group of mutts. He can give Will this small victory.

-“They can go with you.”

Will slumped relieved.

-“I will pick you up tomorrow morning. Don’t try to run.” Hannibal smiled slowly, leaving the house.

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Will could not believe how much more fucked he become, the moment he left home. Getting through state lines and not getting noticed was hard enough, but what seemed like a blessing, finding a house surrounded by woods, has become his worst nightmare. His nightmares intensified, maybe from the constant threat of being found? His sleepwalking worsens too. He was now used to waking up in the middle of the forest floor, only in his underwear. It was worrying because the nights were getting colder and no amount of securing the house helped. It would not even surprise him if he were to just die there, serving as sustenance for the forest folk.

Also, the house was in the middle of fuckin nowhere. Which he would prefer if he had money for gas. Which he had not. He will have a hard time finding a job like this.

It also does not have electricity, or water. He is fucked. And then on Monday morning he wakes up sick. Barely making it outside to vomit. There is a cold wind biting through his bones, but he can smell the change in his own scent. He is not sure truly. He has no experience with pregnancy or pregnant people in general. He steals a pregnancy test at a gas station 15 miles from his house. He makes it home, stopping two times to puke, not really needing the test anymore.

It is positive, of course. The reality is setting in slowly. The pieces don’t stick together even then. He remembers his walk in the woods and dark figure. He convinced himself it was one of his hallucinations. The bruises and scratches fading away from that night were burning his skin again. He wanted to peel his skin from the bones. The impossible tightness in his chest cleared some hidden part of his brain. He did not just wake up in the woods after a particularly terrible nightmare. He was found out by an alpha. He sits still on his bed for a long time, his dogs pacing nervously around him. He can fucking believe it. He cannot be pregnant.

He settles on a solution the next day. He does not know a o lot of people. In all honesty he knows all the bad people. But they can help him with this at least. He just needs some money. They for sure will not do it for free.

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He cannot believe his fuckin eyes when a man in a suit approaches him. He can immediately recognize the scent. His brain short circuiting. He snarls. And his mind screams. Protect the baby! He does not understand it but curls on himself, hisses, showing his fangs in the most primitive display of rage. His omega takes control, he cannot explain it otherwise. It takes

long moments for him to realize that the stranger is calm and collected, looking at him as if he does not recognize him.

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The whole situation is fucked, and Will could die in that moment when the stranger, Hannibal, looks at him eyes filled with cold hunger. He wants him to keep the baby. Conners Will until he cannot say no. Well, Will knew from the beginning he had not much of a choice. And he is promised a safe space, for months even and money afterwards. He can keep the kid, afterwards sure, his mind supplies. And the asshole must be rich, so Will can take as much as he can carry when he leaves. You will take the kid, yours, ours, his omega whispers. Why would I want that? Kill the bastard and take the child. Kill him and...

Will shakes the thought from his head. He is hungry and cold, standing before his house. He notices the car only when it is right before the house. The man walks up to Will, looking at Will with a small smile, his gaze cold.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading, my loves:)

Dinner

Chapter Summary

It is not getting better.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The house was massive of course, Will thought as they pulled closer. They stopped in front of it, Hannibal already getting out of the car, taking Will's things. There were only three bags to his name, which included all things for his dogs and a fishing pole, which he hasn't used since he left home.

He let Hannibal pull him into the house, already filling up with anxiety. The house was beautiful from the inside as well, all expensive looking, muted colors and shiny surfaces. It did not feel lived in much but that was maybe because Will spent his entire life practically living on a pile of garbage. He listened half-heartedly as Hannibal showed him the first floor. The alpha pointed at this or that, explaining the history of some vase or weirdly shaped lamp. Rich people. Will noted the place for what it really was. Opportunities. How many knick-knacks can he take before the snobby alpha notices?

At last, he was let to the kitchen, noting that Alpha seemed the most interested in showing this room. There was a gleam of passion in his eyes.

-“I am not gonna cook, you know. I am not playing house-omega with you.” He murmured as he touched the spotless surfaces, noting the subtle irritation in Hannibal's scent. When did he start to pick on that?

-“Oh no, Will, I would not expect anything like that from you. I, myself, enjoy cooking very much and you will be of course welcome to eat with me. I cook every day.”

-“I am not a big fan of eating. Eh stuff...like that.” He pointed dismissively just to annoy the Alpha.

Hannibal turned to him, his gaze sharp. He smiled when he continued, all snobby.

-“I am sure we can figure something out. I must insist you put some weight on, for your health. And for the health of the child.”

Will did not reply, already dreading eating something with this psycho.

-“I will show you upstairs, follow me.” Hannibal strode away not even looking at Will. Not having much of a choice, Will went. The upstairs was as filled with as much random expensive junk as the precious floor. Tasteful what he should call it, but it all looked the same to Will. He was shown a bathroom, small gym and then Hannibal opened the door to what Will presumed was the master bedroom. Will did not want to go in, the place smelled the most like the alpha. Only his inner making him gulp lungfuls of that spicy smell.

He poked his head in looking over the alpha, Hannibal did not seem to notice his unwillingness to enter, or he simply ignored it.

-“You can put your things in this closet, the bathroom is through those doors, the bed is...”

-“You don't have a spare bedroom in this big ass house?”

-“Of course, I do.”

-“So, why would I stay in your bedroom.” His voice was already rising in intensity and panic.

-“For omegas, especially pregnant, it is quite essential to feel protected in their nest, so...”

Will laughed angrily.

-“You must be joking. Show me a spare bedroom, now.” He snarled.

Hannibal’s demeanor did not change but he saw something flicker in his eyes. He went down the corridor to another door, beckoning Will. His sharp face was absent as he watched Will slide next to him to the room.

The bedroom was quite small for such a big house, still with its own bathroom and closet. It somehow soothed Will. Much better. Will sat on the bed, releasing long breaths, touching the soft fabric. He felt eyes on him. Will did not look up.

-“Can you leave me for a bit?” He murmured.

-“Sure Will, I will go start dinner, will call you then.” Will wanted to protest but he stayed silent. As the door closed, he felt himself slowly relaxing. This whole thing was a terrible idea. But as he pressed his hands into the soft bedding, he thought. Room, bed, food. He can do this. Speaking of food. God this will suck. Whatever this pretentious fuck was cooking will surely suck. He will have a hard time. Well, when he did not. The face of his father appears. Disgusted, desperate, afraid. He wraps his hands around him. Roof, bed, food.

...

It was about an hour later Will descended the stairs to be faced with Hannibal once again. As he expected the alpha fuck was a show-off, preparing what looked like three course meal for them two. Jesus. What surprised Will was the smell. Usually, cooked food made him nauseous, he presumed it would be a nightmare during this god forsaken pregnancy. Meat especially made him want to cut his nose off, but this wasn’t bad. It was definitely meat, but it smelled nice. Will’s brows furrowed. He walked onto Hannibal pouring himself a glass of wine, his posture tensing but immediately relaxing when he turned to look at Will.

-“Here, come sit, Will. Do you want something to drink?”

-“Do you have a Coke?” he looked at Hannibal’s glass.

-“I don’t have that.” Hannibal said with an irritated smirk.

-“Eh. I guess then, water.” Will sits down, looking over the plates of food. Vegetables and fruits, ugh. Some kind of soup, ugh. Worst of all, meat. Hannibal sits next to him, placing a glass of water next to Will’s plate. Hannibal watches him motionless, but his eyes had a predatory glint.

-“Eh, what’s for dinner?”

Something slides across Hannibal’s face, the tension disappears and all that was left was a pleasant mask. He got up, smiled at Will as he maneuvered several things on Will’s plate.

It’s “Foie gras au torchon”, served with a late harvest of vidal sauce and fresh figs.

Will looked up at him as the other male gently placed a circle of meat in the middle of the other bullshit.

-, I don’t speak French. He smiled sarcastically. Hannibal unfaced.

-“It’s duck liver, cooked with...”

-“Don’t...don’t continue.” Hannibal glazed at Will who barely kept it together. His stomach turned, He tried not to breathe as the smell of vegetables and fruits was hard enough, he could not possibly be able not gag from a liver.

-“Is there a problem Will, would you like to eat something else?”

“No, I am fine. I am just not used to eating stuff like this.”

Hannibal sat himself turning to Will once again, scanning his face. His demeanor perfectly poised even if Will could detach slight tremor underneath, a spike in a scent with no identifiable emotion. Never breaking eye contact, Hannibal continued.

-“ I apologize Will, I should have asked you what you would prefer to eat. But...I strongly believe you lack nutrients in your diet. I suggest you eat everything I give you for your own wellbeing. His tone is sharper, but a small smile creeping up through the cracks.

Will look down at his plate. Breathing harshly, he cut a piece of the meat. It did not smell bad, he realized, as he pulled it closer to his lips. He did not want to linger on the taste, so he quickly swallowed it. His heart quickened, to his surprise, nothing happened. Will breathed out. When was the last time he ate meat like this? He ate the second bite, taking it slower. The taste felt right. It was almost...It could not be. Will looked up at Hannibal who started eating. There was no way, Will was tasting what he was tasting.

-“What meat was it again?” he rasped.

Hannibal gazed at him, his eyes lingered on Will’s lips, a pleasant expression showing up.

-“You like it. It’s duck, a fattened duck liver.

Will coughed a little. Still not processing.

-“Yeah, it is actually really good.”

Hannibal looked pleased, offering Will more of the meat, overlooking that Will had not eaten anything else on the plate.

...

-“Tell me about yourself, Will.”

Will looked up, there was an expression of curiosity, he sometimes saw on social workers, currently playing on Hannibal’s face. Will rolled his eyes.

-“Why?”

Hannibal looked at him pointedly.

-“Because I want to know who I am dining with. Engage you in polite conversation.” He lectured Will.

-“You mean one you fucked?” Will smirked.

Hannibal did not look angry or irritated. Will did not know why he was trying to do this, but the frustration kept pouring out. He could feel his own scent rising.

-“Well, if you want my medical history, doctor Lecter. I think that’s what you are looking for. My mother died when I was five, so I don’t really know how fucked up she was. But my father is an alcoholic, a kind of narcissistic sociopath, aggressive and stubborn asshole, hates omegas or maybe those are just symptoms of being an alpha.” Will paused. “ Yeah, but he has a full head of hair at 58. So, that’s good I think.” The expression on Hannibal’s face did not change. What was Will thinking, taunting a psychiatrist. He must go smarter about it. Yeah maybe later, he is tired.

-“So you ran away from him? Did he abuse you? Will did not expect that for an answer.

-“I don’t want to talk about it.” Will hummed defeated.

The cold gaze returned, and Will kept his eyes low until Hannibal seemed to give up on him. They ate in silence for a while. Until Hannibal spoke up again.

-“I wanted for us to lay some ground rules for this cohabitation.”

Will looked somewhere around Hannibal's chin, his chest already tightening.

-“I want us to live as comfortably as possible. I will provide everything you need during this time, But I need you to cooperate. Which means taking care of yourself, eating, sleeping. I

want you to read the books I provide you on omega pregnancy, to do nothing to harm it. I also want you to not leave the house without my permission.”

-“What?” Will snarled subconsciously. Hannibal’s posture straightened. His blue eyes fixated, scent deepening.

-“This situation is unfortunate and I don’t want more eyes on it.”

-“Because you would go to jail.” Hannibal huffed a breath.

-“It is for your own good. Or would you like to be on the street now, you will not return to that house.”

-“ You expect me to just sit here?”

-“Without my supervision you would not leave the house. As a pregnant omega that is refusing his alpha, you will probably develop spatial shyness soon enough, so you don’t have to make a scene about it by any means.” Hannibal’s space was expressionless.

-“What are you talking about? I am not some omega refusing you, you are my fucking rapist, don’t forget. Spatial shyness? You just want to keep me as a prisoner so I will not dirty your snobby image. I am your victim. Not some omega you are playing house with.” Will saw red, his panic raising. He cannot be bound to the house. He must be prepared to escape, how will he do it without ever leaving this stupid posh neighborhood. As he thought about it. Hannibal probably had cameras all over the place. Fuck, fuck.

Hannibal turned to him, his face finally contorted in something like anger slowly steaming from underneath. His smile is full of teeth.

-“Will if you want to play a victim , we can arrange that.” He paused. “But I think you will prefer to be treated as a guest. And for now, I would prefer it as well.

-“You are fucking psycho. You just want to control that I don’t change my mind and run to the police.”

-“Language, Will. And yes, I would advise you not to run to the police and if we cannot cooperate, I will find a different way of keeping you here.”

Hannibal stood up, Will followed him, his canines already on display. They stared at each other. Will’s omega was already cowering, but Will could not move.

-“Now Will, I want you to go to your room and rest.” Hannibal’s demeanor slid back to calmness. However, Will notices a new timbre in the alphas voice. The voice of alpha command vibrated in his mind.

It broke something in him, and he scrambled to get away.

As Will climbed up the stairs his heart threatening to escape his chest, he heard a voice behind him.

-“Tomorrow, I made an appointment in the Omega clinic, to examine you. I will discuss the details with you in the morning.”

Will did not answer, already dreading morning.

...

Will could not sleep. He sobbed in his sheets until he could only draw rugged breaths. He clawed himself until the sheets were red. He cannot do this.

As he walked that morning down the stairs, he noted the realness of the situation. They are going to confirm that the pregnancy is real, that it is Hannibal’s. He has nowhere to run. Hannibal was already waiting for him in the lobby. Dressed in the suit, put together, no emotions present.

-“We don’t have time for breakfast, I prepared this for you to eat in the car.”

Hannibal held out a box. The smell assaulted Will, eggs and probably bacon. He signed and

followed Hannibal to the car.

The car was different from the one he took to collect Will's things. Will groaned internally, stupid rich motherfucker.

The drive was long and silent, Will was pressing a hand against the glass, noting the vast spaces of nothing between the house and the next town. Hannibal only spoke when the town appeared.

-“So, the doctor I was taking you to, is very...discreet. It will not matter if you tell him about...the start of the pregnancy.” He did not look at Will, his tone casual. “There should be some standard procedures to ensure the health of the fetus. Try to behave yourself.”

I will rip your head open, Hannibal Lecter, Will thought. He has Will caged, and there was nothing to do about it, for now.

They parked at a seemingly plain industrial building, by a closer look It must be some private clinic. Will could easily picture mafia bosses and corrupted politicians that were hunting people for sport taking here their own victims. They went, Will making sure to go a few paces behind Hannibal.

The inside was calming, in the way mental asylums tried to be, with muted colors and heavily pregnant omegas on walls. Will could feel the sweat collecting at his back as they sat in the waiting room. He looked at the omega's all smiling, round and happy, all female and his stomach dropped. Did he even know how it works for male omegas? When the doctor called on them,he jumped. Hannibal touched him on the back, guiding him to one of the rooms. Will wanted to die.

The doctor was in his dad's age, unbelievably handsome, an alpha. God. He guided Will to the examining table. Will changed to the hospital gown silently, looking at the ground. He could smell the room, the overlapping scents of omegas, two smells of alphas mixing in.

-“Let's see, Will Graham, male omega, 19 years old. Correct?” The doctor's voice was raspy but calming.

-“Dr. Lecter informed me that you conceived during his rut, were you in heat during that time?”

-“Eh, I don't remember, I have trouble with sleepwalking sometimes. But probably, yes?” Will chirped nervously.

-“Sleepwalking?” The doctor looked at Hannibal, who gave a small nod.

-“Okay, and when did you have your last heat before that?”

“I think, three months ago.”

“Is it regular?”

-“Not really. But...but it is usually three months apart, I guess.”

-“Well ,let's do some blood work to see what's going on there, okay?” Now please lay on the bed, we will do the exam.”

Will gulped. He had never been to an omega doctor.

-“We do the ultrasound first.” The doctor poured a small amount of clear liquid on Will's skin and pressed his hand there. The touch made Will itch. He wanted to gag. The tool was cold on his skin, he watched the monitor to distract himself.

-“Yeah there it is.” The doctor pressed a finger in the middle of the screen. “I would say about 5 weeks along. Looks to be healthy. Congratulations.”

Will signed somehow relieved, mentally storing the image in his mind. The doctor stood up, clapped his hands. Will jerked.

-“Let’s check the pipes now, shall we?” The doctor slid down to Will’s legs. Will shuddered, his eyes catching Hannibal who was looking irritated.

-“Open your legs now, Will.” Doctor said patiently.

-“I don’t know what to do about this.” Will threw back.

-“It is a standard procedure Will, don’t be scared.” Will turned his head.

-“Shouldn’t you go outside?” he rasped, addressing Hannibal. The alpha growled looking away from Will to the other alpha. “I will stay here.”

-“I don’t want you here.”

-“Will.” The alpha’s voice had a dark edge. The doctor, obviously picking up on the tension, continued.

-“It is really not a big deal, it will be over quickly.” Will wanted to protest, but what was the point? He signed and opened his legs. He could feel the gaze on him. He felt the doctor’s fingers probing in him., massaging his walls. He jerked slightly, trying not to clench.

-“It feels healthy, a little narrow now. Because of the nerves, I presume. How’s your mating?”

-“Mating?” Will stuttered. “We don’t...don’t mate.”

-“Oh, you really don’t have to stop because of pregnancy, I will inform you when but some couples can mate even right before the birth.” He turned to Hannibal, with what Will could only describe as shared comradery. Hannibal flinched.

-“ It is actually quite beneficial. The baby needs the mixture of the parents’ pheromones for proper bonding. At least scenting or a proper shared nest should be established.” Will shook slightly, his vision getting blurry. Fuck this, fuck this.

He snapped back when he heard the doctor snapping off his gloves, he scrambled to get dressed.

-“Will,wait can we do some more measurements. Blood pressure, heartbeat, weight...

Will slid down the table, his bare legs touching the cold tile. He waddled to the scale with shaking legs.

-“Hm, as I thought. Will, you are severely underweight. I will need you to gain at least 15 pounds in the next 2 months.” The doctor scribbled something in Will’s chart. “ The Alpha will take care of it,right?”

Hannibal smiled. “We will be working on it.”

-“Will, how is your relationship with food? Do you cook or does the alpha?” Will shuttered.

“Alpha...eh Hannibal cooks, I guess. Eh, I don’t really like to eat most things.”

-“Why is that?”

-“I don’t like the smell.” He looked around awkwardly.

-“ We could look into that if you’d like. For now, are there some foods you enjoy?”

-“I don’t know. I like fried stuff, I am from Louisiana, so...I know, it is not very healthy.”

Will started to pick on his skin, eating a low growl from Hannibal.

-“Will, in this case ,it does not matter. You need calories, the healthy stuff... we will work on that. For now, eat whatever you are comfortable with. “ The doctor’s smile was warm as honey., bouncing from Will to Hannibal. “Let your alpha pamper you a little, cook you whatever you want, okay?”

Will tried to return the smile, feeling already too weak for this.

-“I will see you in a month or earlier if anything happens. But I believe it will be fine.”

God. That guy must deal with some fucking shit, if he is smiling at Will like nothing.

...

They went back to the car. They stayed there for what seemed like hours, Hannibal's knuckles turning white as the time progressed. He turned to Will, a pleasant expression cracking.

-“So Will, as the doctor ordered, what would my struggling omega want to eat?”

Will felt tired, regretting what he was about to say, but he was so hungry already.

Eh, Can we get McDonald's?

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading, my loves:) hope you enjoyed this chapter. I hope it will get a little less heavy in the next few chapters, but The TRAUMA is creeping up the surface, so I don 't know.

leave a comment what should Will order in the MC

kisses.

Weapon

Chapter Summary

the worst lunch date Hannibal was ever been on

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Hannibal felt his senses frying up. His nose cloying up with the stench of cheap overcooked oil. His mind sizzled pitifully, the same way as the calorie dense lumps of meat that was being prepared somewhere near his vicinity. He looked around the overcrowded space. Scents of people of all genders mixing up and creating concoction that burnt in Hannibal's lungs. The omega protested when Hannibal ordered the meal to go, hoping to at least eat it in the confines of his home.

Will still looked tense but his scent was neutral without the sour hint that followed him every time Hannibal smelt him. They sat at one of the many tables, smelling of disinfectant but still sticky with fluids of all kinds, Hannibal imagined. The alpha watched as Will hurriedly tore the wrappers from the plainly looking sandwich. Hannibal looked away as Will bit the horrifying thing only to have his eyes snapped back to soft sound. The omega purred contently, devouring the meal.

Suddenly, the omega was munching away through the stack of food like he had never seen a speck of food in his life. It was irritating. And Hannibal's inner alpha howled torturously. His primitive side was screaming. Bad alpha. Could not provide. Hungry omega. Hannibal must will himself to stay calm.

After three 'cheeseburgers' the omega opened the container with 20 of those meat lumps Hannibal could so vividly smell, plucking them from existence one by one. Will noticed Hannibal's intense gaze, his expression flickering to anger, subconsciously showing a small snarl of teeth before quickly calming down. Looking blankly, he offered.

"Want one?" He wiggled the meat piece.

Hannibal breathed out. "No thank you. I don't enjoy this type of...cuisine."

Will's eyebrow quirked up and a small smile played on his lips.

"I suppose you have not even tried it." Hannibal's eyes narrowed, he crinkled his nose invaluablely. Will's eyes widened. They stayed silent, Will continued eating. To Hannibal's shock something entered the air, a scent, pleasant and light. It was coming off the omega, the scent content. Hannibal could not believe that of all places could the omega feel so positively.

...

Before Will could finish up his food Hannibal spoke up.

"So, Will, what are some foods you enjoy? I can obviously see that you have passion for this." He pointedly gazed on the mountain of wrappers. Will smiled a broadened,

mischievous glint in his eyes.

“I’m not keen on enabling this further...much. I am hoping we can find some compromise. I recollect that you enjoyed the meat I prepared yesterday.”

Will hummed noncommittally, taking a straw to his lips and slurping a dark liquid.

“It was edible.” Hannibal ignored that.

“What are your preferences? You mentioned issues with most foods, Is it some sensory issue?”

“A sensory issue?”

“A smell, taste, texture is what is keeping you from eating?”

“I don’t know.” Will looks away, chewing on his lips in nervousness. Hannibal saw the thoughts swirling in his mind. There was a long time before he spoke again, his voice flat, calculated. Hannibal bristled, waiting for the lie.

“It started after my presentation. I find most things just...disgusting. You are right. I am okay with some...meats, I guess. I just, it is hard to explain.” Will looked pained, something brewing underneath. Hannibal wanted to pry it open. The explanation did not sound made-up but there was a gap, detail missing.

“What about this?” Hannibal grabbed the greasy paper.

“it’s like, this stuff does not feel real to me. The taste is does not upset...something in me. It is like it is not a real food.”

“Not a real food, ” Hannibal smiles. “Something we agree on.”

They leave shortly after, to Hannibal’s relief. He almost regrets coming there in his car because the smell will surely penetrate the upholstery of the car seats from Hannibal’s ruined suit.

They drive in silence. Hannibal only notices that Will’s scent stays pleasant for most of the time, right before it sours as they slowed down in the driveway. They stay in the car until Hannibal speaks.

“Will, I want to try to accommodate you. If it means frying up a chicken, I do believe I am capable. We can go from there I suppose. You probably know that you are not getting enough nutrients, which in this case I cannot glance over. I believe the path of least resistance will be IV administration. Vitamins, minerals, we can also do tablets.

Will shifts uncomfortably, stays silent but nods his head.

“I also want you to not protest my regimen for you. Gaining weight in these circumstances will be challenging.”

Hannibal opens the car door to get out. Will followed him hurriedly as they went inside. As the door closes Hannibal grabs Will’s arm, pressing on the skin slightly until Will looks at him defiantly.

“Yes, I will do it, I don’t have much of a choice, right?”

Hannibal scans the omega’s face. Will is looking down, frowning at Hannibal’s hand.

“We also should discuss the scenting arrangement. You should also be open to building a nest in my bedroom. I will provide you with some reading materials if you were not taught.”

Will huffed, his gaze flickered upwards. He shook to pull away.

“No fucking way”

Will... Hannibal squeezed further, getting Will to whine quietly.

“Your body will seek it out, you should prepare for it.”

Will snarled, clicked his teeth and finally met Hannibal’s gaze.

“I am not going to get scented by you, fucking creep! I’ve never been and I don’t need it. I

am just fine. And fuck...let go of me.”

Hannibal tightened his grip as Will trashed his arm, his alpha stirring from the disobedience.

“Let me scent you, Will. I will barely touch you.” Hannibal said flatly.

Will struggled but ultimately the hand squeezing his arm did not relent. He was pulled towards Hannibal, they stood face to face.

“I am going to only touch your arms and neck. Please stay calm.” Hannibal whispered with a slight edge to his voice.

Will hissed but did not move. Hannibal unfurled his grasp on Will's arm, sliding the hand down to Will's wrist. He pressed his thumb on Will's pullpoint, reaching for the other hand as well. Will watched as the refined fingers massaged his wrist, up and down and then in small circles. He felt the skin there dampened as the glands were stimulated. The warmth travelled through his body. Will frowned. Why must his omega react to everything about this man?

He wanted to pull away, but then the long fingers maneuvered his wrist to the alpha's neck. They pressed their bodies against each other as the movement pulled them closer. Hannibal still had Will's wrists in his hand, pressing them harshly to the gland on his neck. The skin there was hot to the touch. A whimper escaped Will's lips.

“Just a little bit, Will.” Hannibal murmurs, concentrated. Will is completely still as Hannibal slides his wrist on the skin. His body flushed a little, he could feel his heartbeat quickening. Suddenly, Hannibal lets the wrists from his hands. They fall absently to Will's sides. Will already feels a little lightheaded. Hannibal then presses his own wrist to Will's neck, smearing his own scent there and massaging the skin of his nape. Will croons a little to his horror, but his body is lulled by the sensations. He leans against the alpha, breathes in the scent of the man. Hannibal does not move, only keeping his hands against Will's neck.

“You are quite sensitive, Will.”

Hannibal slides his hand across the omega's back, moving him through the house, upstairs until he deposits him on the bed. Will has his eyes shut but notes when Hannibal leaves. It takes a long time for Will to come to himself again. His heart beats hard in his chest as he sprints to lock the door, feeling especially vulnerable.

...

As Will lays in his bed much later, he feels a sort of eerie kind of peace. His mind is still silent and foggy. He knows it is from the pheromones, but his omega is finally sated, silent and not bothering Will's every nerve. He is not safe in Hannibal's house, but finds it hard to care. Today was a mess. He feels familiar hopelessness in this clean, soulless room. But it is also a tightly locked room. A comfort, so foreign in his previous home he cannot force himself to be angry in that moment.

A thought or a memory flickers through his mind as he closes his mind. He thinks of his mother, even if he knows the pain that will come. But he thinks of time further in his memory. But he thinks of the words of his father. His dangerous smile as he recollected how his mama could always move him to any direction. That there was not one thing he would not do for her. Will did not understand what that meant then.

Later, when Will has already presented. His father called them monsters. His face contorted, scowling at his mother. She was a monster and created another. Will could not blame him. Will was a monster.

Being like his mother was a sickness. And Will knew that what he made his father do, was twisted. But he remembered the pain, far worse than the pain of his presentation or even his heat. Twisted hunger, his father called it. He has only a few weeks before the pain will come again. He did not think of it in a long time. Not since he ran away. It's going to be the first time, Will has to fend for himself. His stomach clenched uncomfortably; he pressed a hand to its flat surface. Maybe because of the child he will not feel it. He slides his hand across the skin, not feeling anything yet.

His mother once told him, she thought Will cured her. That she was so happy, she did not feel it at all. Will opens his eyes. It felt like the past month was just a long-drawn breath. It did not occur to Will that maybe, Will wanted to get pregnant. Maybe his omega was looking for a solution, with the nightmares and sleepwalking. Will shivers he feels tears running down his face. He is creating another monster.

Will thinks of the man somewhere in this house. Will can sense that Hannibal is a dangerous man. And powerful. Maybe powerful enough that he can provide what Will needs. This child was Will's weapon. Perhaps he found a way to survive. He will need to use Hannibal. Even if it means to get closer to him. Will's insides clench, his mouth running dry from fear.

This child was his only weapon and his creeping doom. But what else did he expect from his life? Even if it gets him only a few more months of living, he will take it. He was almost free after all. Will closed his eyes forcefully, his mind still ringing.

After a while, Will's breathing evens out, he lets the dark swallow him.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks so much for reading!

New Year, new chapter, I hope you'd like it :)

kisses.

End Notes

Hi guys, thanks for reading! :)

This is my first attempt on posting here, so If I fucked up something, feel free to let me know. English is not my first language, so I am sorry lol

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!